

The Archimage ~part three~

by Phoenix2

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Summary: Why does Giovanni want the Archimage anyway? And Misty has a strange dream.

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> <meta name="Author"> The Archimage part3 **Note To Reader: Sorry it's so short- I try to write at _least_ two chapters every five days, but it's been a busy week and I've been having something of a writer's block. Please E-mail me with suggestions for da story if you have any ideas. Thanx!**

> <p>The Archimage*****

By Phoenix***

Chapter 8***

_Misty stared fondly at the boy in the sand. He looked so peaceful when he was asleep. A strand of blond hair fell across his eyes. His lips were slightly parted, giving him a vulnerable look. His tanned chest moved up and down. To Misty, he looked like a fallen angel. "_I love you,_ " she whispered._***

_He stirred at the sound of her voice and sat up. "_Misty,_ " he greeted her warmly and opened his arms invitingly. She ran to him and buried her head in his chest. The boy rocked her lovingly, and her heart soared. But when she looked up into his face, his expression was troubled. "_I have to leave,_ " he told her, letting her go. "_I'll be back as soon as I can._" _***

_"_But... I..." she felt lost and confused. She felt a tear slip down her cheek and heard the rumble of thunder nearby. _"Wait-_ it started to rain._***

_"_I'm sorry,_ " he said, running in the other direction. Misty could feel hot tears flowing freely now._***

**_"_Come back!_" she cried as the thunder rolled louder. Lightning

flashed, blinding her temporarily. When she could see again, the boy was gone. "_No!_" she screamed, waking up._*****

"_No!_" Misty woke up. She was drenched in a cold sweat and breathing hard. "Oh lord," she breathed when she realized it was all a dream.***

"Misty?" A voice called from the darkness. "Are you okay?"***

"Pikachu?" she gasped, seeing his face. "I'm sorry... did I wake you?"***

"No," he laughed. "I always have a hard time getting to sleep. There's just too many hazy memories coming back. I can hardly make any sense out of any of it." He sighed. "I'll get it all sorted out eventually." He turned his attention back to her. "What about you? Yell any louder and you'll wake the baby," he indicated jokingly to Jessie, who was sleeping nearby with a small teddy bear in he arms.. The two rivals decided to camp together due to the unusual circumstances.***

Misty smiled a little. "I'm fine, really. Just a bad dream."***

"You were talking in your sleep, you know," Pikachu said. "I couldn't understand any of it, except in the end when you screamed 'no'."***

Misty shrugged, embarrassed. "Yeah. I had the same dream last night too..."***

"What happened?"***

Misty turned red and was thankful that it was too dark for Pikachu to see. "Nothing really." She decided to change the subject. "What kind of things do you remember? Maybe I can help you."***

"I remember a mermaid and... I think it's a vaccume cleaner?" Pikachu laughed quietly. "See how everything's confused?"***

"That's not that bad. You must be thinking of the time that my sisters put on this show and they needed one extra character, so they hired me to be the mermaid. Then they," she indicated to Team Rocket, "tried to suck up all the water pokemon with a vaccume cleaner. You stopped them, though. Remember now?"***

Pikachu's eyes shined with realization. "Oh yeah. And Jessie dressed as a man and James dressed as a woman?"***

"That wasn't the only time, either," Misty laughed.***

"You a beautiful mermaid," Pikachu commented.***

**Misty felt herself blush again. "Thank you," she said quietly.*

>

Chapter 9

At Giovanni's Office (through Giovanni's point of view) ...

"Where are the others?" I ask, not even looking at Meowth as he tiptoes into the room. I hear him gulp, and I can feel his fear. Stupid cat.

"Jessie and James?" Meowth says nervously. "'Dey, uh, 'dey got lost, I t'ink"

"Lost?" I try to keep my tone even, but I am beginning to feel the now familiar edge of pain that started in the back of my head. I wince, keeping my face from Meowth. I know this discomfort is not brought on by the usual stress, anxiety or annoyance for as it slowly progresses, it edges down my back into my limbs and heart and into the pit of my stomach.

"See, we wanted ta' get on ya' good side, and we knew you was goin' ta' look for da' Archimage and we found it here, see, and we tried ta' catch it, see, and-"

"You tried to catch the Archimage?" I can barely suppress the anger in my voice now as the pain worsens. I stand up and spin around to face him. "And what did it do?"

Meowth hides his face shamefully. "It got James."

"I see," I growl. A pang of agony hits and I swear out loud at the force of it, my face twisted.

"Sir-"

"Find the Archimage!" I yell. I hardly ever yell. Yelling shows weakness: I learned long ago never let anyone see weaknesses. "Now get out."

He leaves quickly, and I cry out loud now. My hand gropes for the locks to the doors and windows so that I will not be interrupted. _Ever since Mewtwo, _I think in misery. I know there is only one answer. I see it in my dreams, it haunts my thoughts. There is only one cure, and I know what it is.

The Archimage.
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